



THE Highland Laddie.

ONE day I chanc'd to rove
Down by a shady grove,
To pass some dull hours away,
Where beneath a myrtle shade,
I saw a lovely maid,
On her spinnet sweetly she did play;
For to give me delight.
This charming lady bright,
On her concert she sung vry sad,
Saying, unhappy girl am I,
Who now for love must die,
For my bonny, bonny Highland.

I drew a little near,
The better for to hear.
This fair maid she sung on,
My love is forc'd away,
I know not where to stay,
He is my handsome charming man;
If in battle he is slain,
All pleasures I disdain,
I shall run distracted and mad,
But still I hope to see,
My love before I die,
For my bonny, bonny Highland Lad:

If I knew but where
To find my dear, O dear,
I would search the world all round,
I'd dress in man's attire,
And for him I'd enquire,
Where he was to be found;
Thro' lonesome woods I'd stray,
Lamenting night and day,
I'd leave my mam and dad,
I often sigh and moan,
Wishing his late return,
My bonny, bonny Highland Lad.

When first my love I saw,
It was at Aberdeen,
My senses were from me flown,
He is proper, strait, and tall,
And comely withal;
He is my handsome charming man;
His lovely air and mein,
Well deserve a queen,
Altho' his fortune's bad,
But still I hope to see
My love before I die,
For my bonny, bonny Highland Lad.